### VOL. I.

GUILDHALL, VERMONT, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1873.

"For Thoughts,"

A pansy on his breast she laid, splendid and dark with Tyrean dyes; 'Take it; 'tis like your tender eyes, Deep as the midnight heaven," she said.

The rich rose mantling in her cheek, Before him like the dawn she stood, Pausing upon life's hight, subdued, Yet triumphing, both proud and meek.

And white, as winter stars, intense With steadfast fire, his brilliant face Bent toward her with an eager grace, Pale with a rapture half suspense.

"You give me then a thought, O sweet!" He cried, and kissed the purple flower, And bowed by love's resistless power, Trembling he sank before her feet.

She crowned his beautiful bowed head With one caress of her white hand; "Rise up my flower of all the land, For all my thoughts are yours," she said.

## PANSY'S LOVER.

Pansy was our youngest. There was no special merit in that, and, of itself, it was no reason why she should be the pet of the family. But she was also the prettiest. Nobody ever denied that there was beauty in the Tremaines and the Gordons. Mamma had been a very rose among girls in her day, and at fifty Judge Tremaine was a stately, handsome gentleman, whom all women admired and fell in love with much oftener than would have been convenient under other circumstances.

Why all this hereditary beauty perversely concentrated itself in Pansy, I general. At any rate, Pansy was lovely, and we all adored her.

The pretty creature knew it before she could speak plain, and graciously allowed herself to be set up on a throne, and worshiped by a troop of loving sub-

When she grew to womanhood, and all the young gentlemen we knew fell into an orderly procession, and followed her up and down to do her homage, it was quite a matter of course : but when one of them actually had the audacity to propose, our indignation

and amazement were equal.
"The wretch!" cried Delia,
"How dare he?" sobbed Sue, in a

rage. "He—he isn't a wretch! And why shouldn't he dare?" cried Pansy. "What?"

"Good heavens!" "The child is angry, as true as you live!" said Sue, in a maze of slow in-

credulity. let as pomegranates, her lovely eyes swam in tears, and when she could brush them wildly away, an outraged soul looked forth upon the amazed

"Why shouldn't a man want to mar-Do you suppose I'm never going to be married?" and with this the sheet-ightnings of her eves were drowned all observers. Miss Axminster must us all and you must n out by a passionate rain of tears.

We were all of us on our knees in an instant—the rest metaphorically, I lif-

"Don't, dear, don't! It was only that we grudged you to anybody, darling. That's all.

"As if grandma should long for the brightest of the Pleiads to do her knitting by! Such presumption!" cried Delia, who was the poet of the family. Mamma leaned back in her rockingchair, and wiped her eyes disconsolate-

"Do you mean, Pansy, that you would go away from us all with this young Vandermeyer?" she said, in a

own, and the little heart was full of a sweet triumph. "Oh, no, mamma, not with him. I

don't like him; but there's somebody "She says there's somebody else,"

echoed Delia, appealing to me. "Pansy," said Sue, severely, you mean to say that somebody else

has been proposing to you? Pansy kindled again. 'Oh, Sue, be quist! As if she was

you tell your own Kittykins?" Pansy resisted. Not even the absurd

name which she had dubbed me in her babyhood unsealed her confidence. Mamma wept softly. I implored, ten minutes. Then she surrendered at

discretion. "If you must know-but you needn't blame him-it s Tom Gordon. There! and she fled from the room.

"Tom Gordon!" We looked at each other blankly.

"Et tu, Brute!" said Delia, raisng her eyes to the ceiling. There was where it hurt, Tom Gor-

don was our pet cousin, who had come and gone among us all these years in the sweetest fashion of brotherly intimacy. And now he could do us this

"After all," sighed mamma, "I suppose the child must be married some Papa had a theory-a curiously senti-

We pondered over the sorrowful fact We pondered over the sorrowful fact is slence—we girls. But mamma was mamma had never thought Tom's imapt to think aloud.

as any one," she added. Then, after a tage, and pursued his suit. It was depause, "I always thought he might cided that Tom should be written to. marry one of you, but I never thought But who would break this bitter news? twould be Pansy."

"Of course it would be Pansy," spoke up Sue, sharply, and then she turned. and went swiftly out of the room. Dear Sue! She was twenty-five, and the prince had not yet come to wake her out of the dream of maidenhood. I cried. It was rather hard. Papa was not rich ; we had not been brought up to any profession; it was weary work, this ignoble got thrust into the breach. waiting, and Sue had a high spirit, Does anybody know any more such

the ashes of disappointment? But that is not the point, I am telling Pansy's story,

salt of the earth?

hard, and sure to distinguish himself;

The bridal-day came on apace.

thought nothing too good for Pansy.

It irked us to rest under the obliga-

tion of so many magnificent presents,

We all cried a little, more or less, in secret, and then we all accepted Tom said. If it could serve her best by giv-Gordon as our future brother, and next ing her up—why, then, he gave her up. Christmas, Tom came down, elate and Pansy cried a little. But love is seleager, all his bright, brave young man-hood irradiated with this new sweet hope. Work? Wouldn't he work? Anything to win Pansy. He was in the law, creeping up slowly into a lucrative No more from Tom Gordon; only, we practice; but, oh, he would be patient, heard incidentally that he was working

so patient, if Pansy would wait for him. And Pansy smiled and looked distract- later, that he had gone to Europe on ingly lovely, and we all agreed that some law business. Tom would have been incredibly stupid not to have fallen in love with her. But we asked this question at first riage, and we were all frantically busy on only with doubtful, sorrowful eyes, and the trousseau.

afterward with hesitating lips - did Pansy love Tom? Did she love him as bit of dainty muslin in her hands, said, the woman should love the man whom gravely: she chooses out of all the world, as our good Tom Gordon deserved to be loved?

Tom, dear fellow, had, I think, some struggling doubts. I have seen him look at Pansy with such longing, hungry eyes, that my heart ached for him. But, whatever his doubts, he said nothing, and we all kept the same painful silence.

The golden Autumn passed, and the white, silent Winter came on, Rexford began its usual career of mild dissipation. A fewlittle initiatory and we all declared we'd rather live on parties, and then Mrs. Moneybags fairly

maugurated the campaign with a grand marriage than to do so.

Papa was quite of the same mind, The Moneybags lived in a magnificent house in the most aristocratic tune to buy us finery, and decorate the quarter of the town. They had no family, but a large account at the banker's, and an immense admiration for last minute, only coming up to lunch don't know. I suppose it was only a blue blood. Now, poor papa had ever part of the total depravity of things in so much blue blood in his veins, but blue blood. Now, poor papa had ever with us the day before. no account at all at the banker's; so Mrs. Moneybags, besides sending cards, came over herself to invite us, and be-

> was patronizing. Mrs. Tremaine—all!"—and she looked around upon the alarmingly large family-group with a pitying smile, adding "Poor things, it will be such a chance

cause of the blue blood she was obsequi-

for them. Mamma returned the smile very faintly, and we bowed our visitor out, with

earts very full of indignation. Pansy. The girl's face was absolutely

radiant. "It will be so splendid," she murmur-ed, under her breath.

The end was, that all went. Sue includbags had had sense enough to put the it, for the amount was almost fabulous, arrangements into the hands of decora- and the position of the culprit a very tive artists from town and the effect was superb. The good woman's face shone with complacency. But her great attraction, which quite overrun hersim- him. ple heart with pride, were half a dozen New York guests—a faded belle, a gay widow, and two or three gentlemen. ry a girl, and why shouldn't he ask her? Respect for Mr. Moneybags had, per-

> have felt her early triumphs renewed until Pansy appeared,
> She had come late, with papa, and the picture she was when she entered the room, in her shimmering white gar-

ments, I shall never forget.

A low exclamation of delight and surprise broke from some one near mc. "Good heavens! what a vision of loveliness!"

I half turned; it was one of the strangers who spoke, a distingue, stylishlooking young man, who had set all the young ladies hearts in a flutter when, twenty minutes before he had made his entree. Handsome he certainly was. Why did I shrink and shiver a little But Pansy was not in a pathetic mood out upon the floor, and watched his fine just then. The queen had come to her dark eyes fairly scintillate with admiration ?

Why need I linger over the tale? It

was the old, old story.

Mr. Kennan called, was gentlemanly else," and the delicious blushes chased and delightful; won mamma by his each other across the fair flower of a graceful deference, and papa by the face. Pansy sat almost silent, the sweet color flickering in and out of her cheeks. But when he was gone, and they all broke out into praises of him, steady crimson settled there, and burned like a rose.

Mr. Kennan came again. He lingerto blame. Who is it, dear? Won't ed two weeks in Rexford. By the end of that time the denouement came. He proposed for Pansy, declared his

passionate love for her, and when papa demurred demanded that she be sent for. The child came, weeping like a Delia was tragic, Sue assumed the role of outraged friendship. Pansy held out toward Tom. But not all her tears, all her remorse, could hide the fact that this man had won her heart.

"I thought I loved Tom-poor Tom." she faltered. "But I did not know what love was."

An utter dismay fell upon us all when this tragid denovement of Tom Gordon's pretty romance became known to us. Many a long, tearful consultation we had, but the hard, painful facts could not be changed.

Pansy herself was firm as a martyr. "I'll marry Tom if you say so," she said with a great sob, "But I love Max.'

Of course, then, it was all over. mental theory for a grave lawyer of fifty pecuniosity was quite what her darling "I suppose it might as well be Tom observed. Mr. Kennan saw his advan-

Pansy came winding her soft arms around my neck. "He loves you better than any of them," she said softly. I broke away from her angrily,

"And you would make him hate me!" But who can resist fate? If a hateful

thing was to be done, I somehow always I wrote the letter to Tom. I dare say it was cold and hard, for my heart households of girls, who wait and wait, ached for him almost to breaking, and and see the swift years go by—the cruel the very intensity of my feelings chilled years which steal away bloom, and my words.

eauty, and youth, and leave them only

Veins of Superstition.

We laugh at that lower order of people who believe in the supernatural, and boast that we are free from the shackles of superstition. But, after all, how few there are who are wholly free from these shackles! Who is not ambitious to commence a new year well, for instance? "I must be at my office early to-morrow morning," says a friend. "It is the first day of the new year." "I have met with a loss," says another. "Had it occurred yesterday I think Pansy searcely noticed this I should not have cared so much ; but news. Max had urged a speedy maron the first day of the new year! It is a bad omen." And so the wheel turns. Again, when our grandmothers told us But one day Sue, looking up from the that that the dropping of a table-fork, or the falling of a dish-cloth, or the passage of a person through the house "Kitty, did you ever think that all our petting had made Pansy a little— just a little—selfish?" going in at one door and out at another, or the crowing of a cock on the doorstep, is a "sign" that the family is to "have company," we have often laughed in our sleeves and said nothing, for fear that we might be set down as heretics in the good old lady's memor-andum-book. Yet we have puzzled our preparations were splendid. Max lived brains not a little to prove that none of ike a prince, and it seemed as if he these things were "signs." We have felt a little delicacy about winding a ball of yarn through a knot-hole after hearing how the old maid felt the yarn pull, and on asking who was there was bread and water for a year after the

and so he diminished his modest forhouse for the wedding. Max was to be busy in town till the We were all ready then, and Pansy was in a flutter of excitement, When the noon came she tripped down to the station to meet him.

We had all gathered in the diningous, and because of the banker's she room fifteen minutes afterward, when she came in with a face whiter than "I want all your girls to come, dear death, and trembling from head to foot. She had a slip of paper in her hand, which somebody took from her just as she dropped fainting on the floor. It was a telegram. Two brief, be-

wildering sentences. "The wedding must be postponed. Countermand the invitations, and wait

for my explanation."

Papa went straight to town by the "I shan't go, for one!" cried Suc, angrily, and then by chance glanced at next train. "Pansy shut herself up away from us. We huddled together, a miserable group, all the afternoon.

At dark the awful suspense was broken by the still more awful truth. Max Kennan was a defaulter, and had ed; and it was splendid. Mrs. Money- from the city. The papers rang with

> Papa came walking slowly up from the station, a new weight of years upon

"Tell her gently," he sobbed, when he had related the shameful story. Pansy heard, her white face scarcely

"Then he loves me!" she suddenly "But he has disgraced himself and us all, and you must never think of him

again!" cried Sue. Pansy did not hear her. A smile flashed across her face. "He hasn't deserted me!" she cried, and then broke into a fempest of sobs.

She cried a long, long, time in mamma's arms, and then said, weakly, that she would go up-stairs, and would we be good enough not to disturb her again We sat together till late, going over

the wretched facts. When at last we retired, I was strangely nervous. I longed to go to Pansy, but dared not. Once I fancied I heard a slight noise when presently I saw him lead Pansy mur of voices. I opened my window, which looked from the same wall. All the ripening peaches had tempted some pilfering boys.

The air was dewy and fresh. I closed the window quickly, and went to bed, and the rest of the night passed in confused dreams.

With the early daylight I awoke, came which had fallen upon us, and rising are pursuing their avocations unmo-

There I stopped short, in fright and amazement, and involuntarily cried out. The room was empty, the window open upon a little balcony, and a glove, dropped just outside, showed the way

she went. Not a word, not even a short note. None of us will ever forget that day. Toward night came a letter, mailed from New York. We must forgive her, she She had been married to Max, and before we read the words should be on the ocean.

Nowhere did the brief letter showany adequate sense of the wrong she was doing us all. Well, all life's woes are lived over,

somehow. It aged papa a good deal, and mamma's roses never came back. But in a year we were peacefully hap-

Tom Gordon returned, and came to see us. He was changed—graver, sterner, a little of the old boyish bonhomie gone. Thinking so one day as I watched

him, my eyes suddenly filled with tears. "What is it, Kitty?" "The old wrong," I whispered. He came to me suddenly, and took me in his arms.

"Will you make it up to me, Kitty? That is what I came here to ask." His voice trembled with tender passion, and then I knew how long and dearly I had loved him.

And Pansy? She came to see us once

at Geneva, when Tom and I were around -a little faded and worn, but beautiful and fascinating still. She had made her choice. Whether she was happy in ous risk of a punishment only one deit, God knows, They lived a romantic life, from one

European capital to another. Everywhere the story would finally creep out, and then came shrugs and slights that drove them away. And so I fancy that though he had plenty of

answered by a gruffvoice, "The Devil." Novertheless, we had some faith in the testimony of others, and thought that if our neighbors did not see the shade of a friend coming across the field on the very hour that he died in a distant city, nor did not see blood on the doorstep, nor hear the "death watch" tick in the fireplace, then it was equally strange that they should say so. If no one was talking about us when our ears burned, and no good luck awaited us if we sneezed before breakfast, and no crying was done before night on the day when we sang a tune in bed before rising, why, we might be exceptions, and the signs hold good as a general rule. To be sure, we had sat on the dining-table, and had carelessly placed three lights in a row, before we thought of getting married, yet, as we afterward did so, our theorizing favored the signs. Our dog howled toward the east on the night our dearest friend died, and so he did in every other direction, for we had given the poor animal no dinner nor supper; yet we felt that we had somehow made a mistake when an old lady said that if she had been present she should have looked out and ascertained if he faced toward the east. Now one would think it an easy matter to prove that all these things are not signs; but it is not so, because so many people testify in their favor. Yet there is a necessity for this proof, for the trouble borrowed on account of "signs" has been the cause of death in many a household; and when we think of the weary, wan faces which flushed at every "sign," and then suddenly dropped out of life's pathway, we begin to hate superstition with keen intensity. Still their lives proved the signs to be true as the proved the signs to be true, as the monomaniac who thinks he has consumption is sure to die of it. Here, again, the weight of the evidence is on the side of superstition. Now we appeal through this mere suggestion of the subject, to all readers, are these signs we talk of every day, true? or are they not true? Who can prove either proposition?

The Murderers' Plea of Insanity, The public have often been asked to believe that sane men do not commit murders, and ingenious counsel have repeatedly saved their clients from the infliction of the extreme penalty of the under her window, then a confused mur- law by interposing the plea of insanity was white, silent, and moonlit. Perhaps plea through all the successive steps of exception, appeal, re-argument, re-trial, ring the past two or three years, and the men whose deeds of blood should to an instant comprehension of the blow have consigned them to the gallows, This addition to dress can scarcely be hastily, went with light steps to Pansy's lested by the law, and apparently as sane as those with whom they daily come in contact. The plea of insanity having been accepted by a jury as a condonement for murder, the murderer walks abroad, though declared to have been out of his mind, and he afterward remains at liberty, to repeat his crime at any moment when he pleases to do so.

The law which suffers this wrong to that sufficient safeguards for human life be provided by the act of the legislative authority; and the constant multiplication of murders, followed by the interposition of the usual plea of insanity and consequent irresponsibility proves that the danger of our present methods is not to be regarded lightly, A simple amendment of the law of homicide would meet and conquer the diffipy, seldom speaking of Pansy, and then as if we had lost her by death. culty. If, in a capital case, the prisoner interposes the defence of insanity, the jury, if they acquit on that ground, should be required to bring in a special the community would no longer be in terror of a repetition of his bloody work; the majesty of the law would be vindicated; and the dangerous classes would pause before incurring the serigree less terrible than that of death.

A Peoria man arose the morning after a storm and found his dog kennel buried under a drift as high as a church. worked for half an honr to dig his dog the very intensity of my feelings chilled my words.

Three wretched days passed, and then the answer came—a few calm, strong words; but the good, tender heart struggled through them, We

Growing Old.

The departure of youth manifests itself as unmistakably in the habitudes of the mind as in the gray hair and failing ror of politics." They look upon the strength. In youth, we live in the fu- modes by which government is carried ture. of pathways. Alas! how does experition and power. It is common to hear ence disappoint us, and show us the politics spoken of as a Serbonian bog, wisely withheld! Our thoughts are now mainly in the past, and we are busier Now we ho with memories than with hopes. We tice of our position can be established, dream not so much of conquests to be achieved as of the golden opportunities | republic is responsible to a greater or now passed beyond recall, of the rich treasures of time and talents we have And more, that it is the duty of every wasted. We think less of our merry individual to have a hand in this matter companions and the favorable impressions we make than we do of the contemporaries who are one after the other ax at the root of the tree;" by beginpassing away from us; less of our con- ning at the cradle to inculcate lessons and allow their pigs and hens to live in quests in love, now that smiles are of truth, of honesty, civil and social, searcer than kisses were then, than of and of Christian charity, which is some whom we have slighted in that "Peace on earth and good will to men." olden time. Have we ever noticed, in forming one of an assembly of people a thousand times in Fourth of July and times stand more in need of controlling in our youth, how every one seemed similar orations, that the Bible is the influences than young men. mature compared with ourselves? Now, when we look around us, how greatly do the young seem to preponderate! When we remember the rose-tint of romance with which the freshness and rule of moral action, diligently instruct without asking to relieve him." vividness of every new impression tinged | their children in its teachings in order our early days, and now find that exis- that they may become good citizens. tence is no longer a dream, but a reality, How many take pains to cultivate in their and that there is so little to look for offspring the love, for its own intrinsic ward to, is it any wonder that we cast a excellence, of that which is absolutely lingering look behind? The character pure and just and true? How many

of our life is fixed, and our occupations teach them when tempted to go astray and associations promise to be in the to reply, "Howcan I do this great wickfuture very much what they are now. edness and sin against God?" Do we notice how much more rapidly in every man's house a perfect antidote each succeeding year seems to pass to this corruption in politics which is so away? Cannot we remember how, in much prated about. Did Joseph in our childhood, the term of a year ap- Egypt attain and retain his eminence at calls husband. peared interminable, and we thought we could compress into that great space chicanery? His story is full of lessons almost any amount of work and play? of political wisdom and sagacity, of the rope with which he had committed but as we get older, how is it that, with all our industry, time seems too short incorruptible integrity, of all the ele- would be likely to inspire her with for the work we take in hand? We be- ments that make statesmen great. Was pleasanter associations. come so engrossed, that holy-days and it by trickery that Daniel became third holidays are alike invaded; and after all is done, how much is left unfinished, of the three Presidents in the reign of Court House, he said with trivalty so how many schemes remain untried? Darius? "It is the solemn thought connected with middle life," says the late eloquent F. W. Robertson, "that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, in the Sacred Scriptures, is simply delis conqueror with a short laugh. midway between the cradle and the plorable. You cannot find a carpenter grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half never catch a stone-mason without his enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feel- line or plummet, a railroad contractor that we experience when the longest about him, an editor without his newsday of the year is past, and every day paper, but how often do we meet men paper affair, on which ink can be used, that follows is shorter, and the light and women, nominally honest, about fainter, and the feebler shadows tell whom we can find no trace of this absothat nature is hastening with gigantic lute line of moral action, this plummet footsteps to her wintry grave. So does of Divine rectitude, this title-deed to hands and clothes of the unskilled little man look back upon his youth. When everlasting inheritance, but must take users? the first gray hairs become visible, when it for granted that they have got it the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon stowed away in some secret pocket. As a merchant of that city for the wherethe mind that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and that the sun is must be men to administer it, and it is being a temperance man, could not

# not back."—Tinsley's Magazine.

Taste in Dress. It is well to follow the mandates of Dame Fashion to a certain extent, when they are not injurious to health or absolutely opposed to good taste. at the outset of the criminal proceed- does not show good sense to persist in ings, and by holding steadily to that wearing garments so old-fashioned as to attract attention; neither is it sensible or in good taste to adopt the exand petitions for the exercise of Execu- treme of a fashion, especially if that tive elemency. These efforts are too fashion is, to say the least, of doubtful often crowned with success. Several beauty. For example, many ladies are instances of the kind have occurred du- apparently unconscious of the ridicule to which they expose themselves by their absurd use of monstrous paniers. called "a thing of beauty" in itself, and when affixed in its appointed place it sometimes produces a most ludicrous effect, and often positively deforms the human figure. Why can not ladies of really good taste show it by following fashion in such moderation that they can be distinguished from those who, destitute of taste themselves, are forced blindly to adopt every style, or to follow the dictates of their dress makers? exist needs immediate amendment. It | Especially for the street should such is essential to the well-being of society costumes be discarded as will render are on the sides of the hills, running one conspicuous. A true lady never in different directions, well defined desires to attract the gaze of rude eyes aqueducts and ditches. The soil is a in public places.

Professional Experts. The Saturday Review, in an article tify upon questions of insanity, uses the following forcible language: "It is often said that lunacy is spreading. ledge on which shafts had been sunk, We do not know how that may be; but and from the bottom of which shaftat any rate there is one form of insanity which is evidently getting worse and that the aborigines had mined for the verdict announcing the fact; and if the worse, and that is the morbid delusions murderer be absolved from the death of the mad doctors themselves. They penalty for that reason, the Court seem to be very much in the position of should be empowered to restrain him the poor gentleman who thought that who worked for a considerable time in thenceforth. With consequences thus punitory and restraining, the plea of temporary aberration would cease to be effective for the final release of the imaginations will not pervert into evil as it was hoped it would, and the Narcriminal. Escaping the gallows, he dence of raging lunacy. Their conduct beau brothers finally abandoned it. In would be compelled to pass the remain- betrays all the familiar indications of running a water ditch through this reder of his days in strict confinement mental disorder—suspiciousness, brood- gion Green once had occasion to remove within the walls of a Lunatic Asylum; ing over one idea, violent language, ex- a venerable oak tree. aggerated expressions, repetitions of unmeaning phrases. It is time perhaps that immediately under where the tree that the weapons which they use against the peace and order of society should be turned against themselves. If a grand of the nature of vegetable mould and cost. It consists of burning streams of commission de lunatico were held on the | debris, being very soft and easliy peneexperts, their evidence against each trated. Following down, an ancient degree of heat is produced unattainable justify their all being locked up out of the debris was most clearly defined, the cation of the principle of the oxy-hydro-

## Making Honest Politicians.

A great many people, both men and We see visions and dream dreams, on as a game in the hands of shrewd, We build castles of enchantment, which we furnish and people with a vivid imagination. We picture the fairest bride, the fastest friends, and the mostflowery are impelled by love of lucre, of posivanity of human wishes, as we find one in which every man must be mired who it was sleeping in its cradle.

Charleston gapers itemize Now we hold, and we think the jus-

that every man and every woman in the less extent for corruption in politics. corner-stone of this Republic. We all believe this to be so, but how do we act in reference to this connection? How

The ignorance of men and women and hildren, nominally Christian, of a great with gray in your beard?" "You have children, nominally Christian, of a great

lies before us manhood, with its earnest | contribute to this result. work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then shome. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on, and honestly, and do what he can to make could give it to me." It is needless to others conduct in the same manner, let | say that the chap got his ten cents. him train his sons to imitate the demigods of this nation-Washington, and Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, and Chief Justice Marshall, and John Jay-men whose social and political lives were

qually stainless. Men and women of high virtue are no more the result of an accident than the raising of eighty bushels of shelled corn to the acre is an accident. Miracles do not happen in this nineteenth century. The seed that was sown in good ground brought forth abundantly; that ground had been carefully prepared; it was not hard like the wayside, weedy or with-out depth of earth, but mellow, moist, pulverized, and fertilized. Thus with moral soil. Our greatest divines, our noblest statesmen, our most eminent philosophers and scientists, are the

## Remains of Aztec Civilization.

intelligence, of morality and virtue,

11 has the subjoined sketch :—

P. D. Green informs us that in the vicinity of Tehachipi there are numerous and varied remains and evidences of ancient Aztec civilization. There firm cement, which does not wash away. In these ditches, there are giant oak trees growing, as large and evidently as showing that the ditches must have been apon the professional experts who tes- constructed hundreds and, perhaps, It would have been easier for the poor thousands of years ago.

One of these leads to a silver bearing drifts run in different directions, showing precious metal in the days of old. This old mine was rediscovered by the Narbeau brothers, known in this vicinity,

In taking away the roots he observed of the nature of vegetable mould and other would probably be sufficient to shaft was easily traced, and on removing by ordinary means. It is in the appli-A Newfoundland dog not long since the skeleton of a man was found, imme- that the value of the invention consists. placed himself between his master's diately underneath and covered by a The inventor has for many years been

# NO. 7.

Items of Interest. Des Moines, Ia., has got a secondhand street car, and is looking out for an opportunity to buy a track that will fit it at auction.

A patriotic Bostonian is deeply indignant because nobody in Detroit will

An infant child of Mr. James Wood, of Lansingburg, N. Y., died last week from the bite of a rat, inflicted while

Charleston papers itemize a resident of that city who has actually read the Bible all through. He did it for a bet, in a little over two days and a half.

A Wisconsin man who lately fell headforemost into a well forty-six feet deep with three feet of water in it, and stayed there an hour, is getting well. The Elizabeth Herald thinks an aged

the same room with them. The question is being debated, "Why not have Old Men's Christian Associa-

Sydney Smith once commenced a charity sermon by saying: "Benevolence is a sentiment common to human

A Baltimorean who was refused a night's lodging in a station-house the other evening immediately secured the desired accommodation by going out and throwing bricks at a railway

train. What a glorious thing it would be if all women were rich. Now there is that rich Ohio woman who cheerfully pays her little \$50 fine every time she feels like beating the unfortunate man she A fond husband in Michigan lately

left a will bequeathing to his widow When Lee met Meade on the Palm

common, amid crushing misfortune,

many characters and events portrayed have a good deal to do with it," retorted Germany proposes a school reform in the matter of using slates. It is urged that they are noisy, hurtful to the eyes, it is the sensation of half sadness without maps and charts somewhere and help to form a bad handwriting. A and from which it can be removed casily. That is good, so far, but can the ink also be easily removed from the

A hint: A Hartford toper appealed to long as we have a Government there withal to buy a drink. The merchant always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children, we thought as children. But now there sistent fellow, "if you can't give it to Instead of keeping out of politics let me, couldn't you lend that gentleman every man act his part in it well and ten cents (pointing to a clerk, and he

> A Canadian farmer has devised a new dodge. He took a load of very poor hay to the residence of a gentleman in Ottawa, and imformed that gentleman's wife that he had been directed to leave the hay in the yard and receive from her \$20 in payment. She supposed it was all right; but the husband, on his return, was disgusted to find that he had a load of hay that he did not want and had never ordered, and that his wife had paid for it three times as much

as it was worth. Henry Boykin, colored, of Columbus, does not rejoice in the best of reputations. His evidence in Court was impeached, and several negroes swore that he had an immense quantity of truth in him, as he never let any out. One blossoms of generations of culture and negro said he had heard another negro say he was "the grandest of liars; another, that "he wouldn't trust him the width of his door;" another, that "he was the liar of Georgia;" another, that "his reputation for falsehood was The Tulare (Cal.) Times of January | national;" another, that "he was a fore

day coon liar," Routine and tape (red) are as predominant in Halifax, N. S., as elsewhere. A lady of that city desired the removal of a dead cat. Upon inquiry, she was informed that she must tell the senior alderman of the ward, who would tell the mayor, who would tell the health inspector, who would tell a policeman, who would tell the dead-cat man, who would come and carry away the animal! old as those of the surrounding forests, All this would take time, and possibly the cat still remains upon the premises.

woman to have buried it at once. Mrs. Sherman, the female poisoner under sentence of death in New Haven Jail, has been visited by the Rev. Mr. Goodsell, who reports that she appears "to be a person born with no moral sense whatever, with not the slightest idea of right and wrong, and yet not to be a person of loose habits, deep passions, or of libidinous tendencies. is hard to believe that a person with intellect enough to conceive the idea of administering poison, and with shrewdness enough to conceal for a time this particular crime, can be totally deficient in moral sense. If she did not know that the deed was evil why did she try

to hide it? A novel invention is now on exhibihydrogen and oxygen gases, by which a walls remaining perpendicular, intact gen flame and the manner of eliminating and solid. At the bottom of this shaft the hydrogen from disintegrated steam